BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 22

NUTTY

No. 81 AUGUST 29th, 1981 EVERY SATURDAY 12p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES ... *BANANAMAN!*

BANANAMAN

IN LAST WEEK'S EVER SO THRILLING EPISODE (YAWN!), OUR FRUITY HERO ENCOUNTERED THE EVIL WINDOW WOMAN, A SUPER-VILLAINESS WITH THE TERRIFYING POWER TO SCARE HER VICTIMS RIGID USING HER "STUNNING" APPEARANCE. BANANAMAN IS HER LATEST CONQUEST...

What shall I do with him now? SMIRK! SMIRK!

READERS' CHANTS

BOO! HISS! GERROFF!

Shall I UNMASK him perhaps

SAME READERS

YAY! HOORAY! DO IT! THREE CHEERS FOR WINDOW WOMAN!

AND SO—

She's going to do it! WOW!

AND—

WHIP

YAAARGH! He's even UGLIER than I am!

GULP! We can't see! Shift yer cloak.

UGH! No, I can't let you see it, readers— I'm not THAT evil!

AW, GO ON! SHAME!

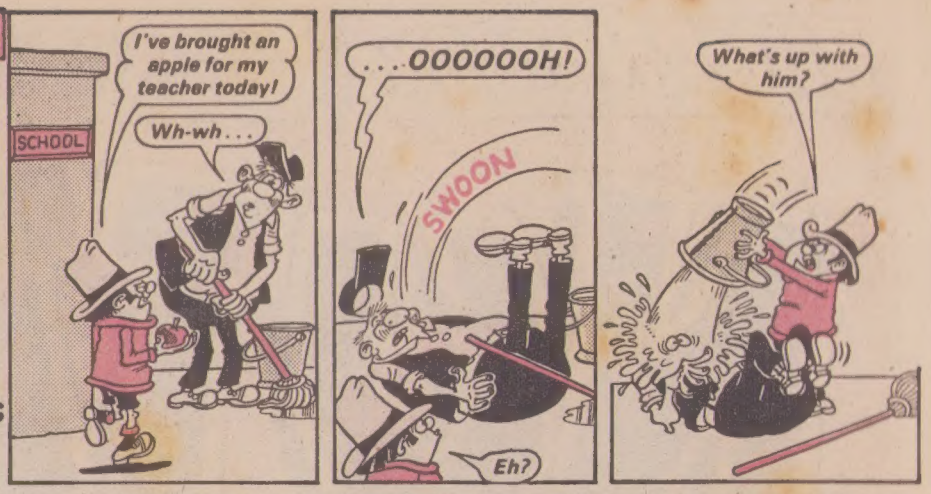
NAW! I'll just leave him here and go robbing again. YAH-HAH!

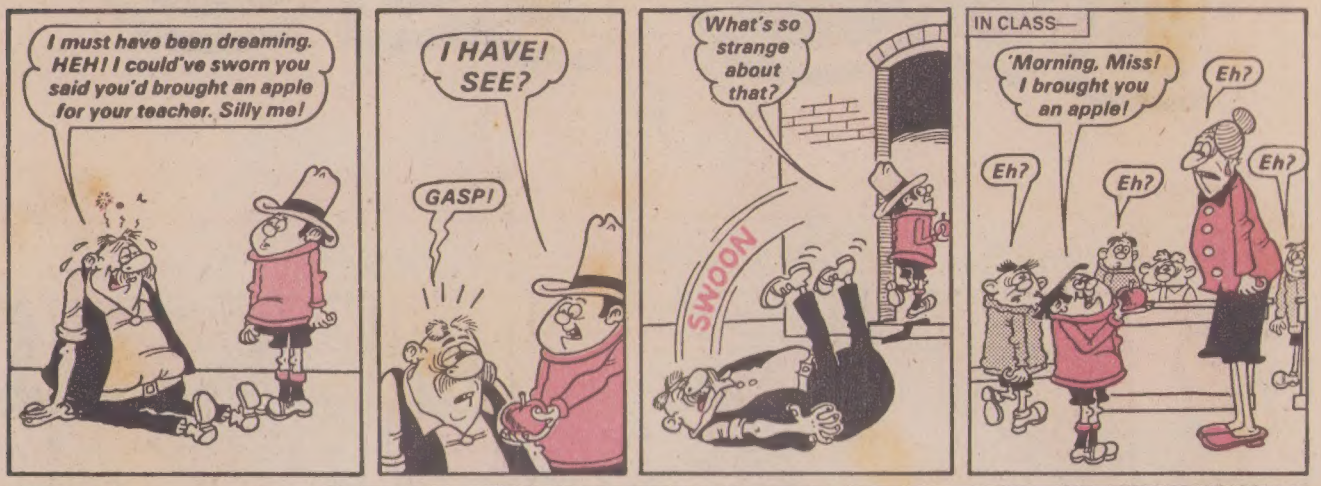
PING!

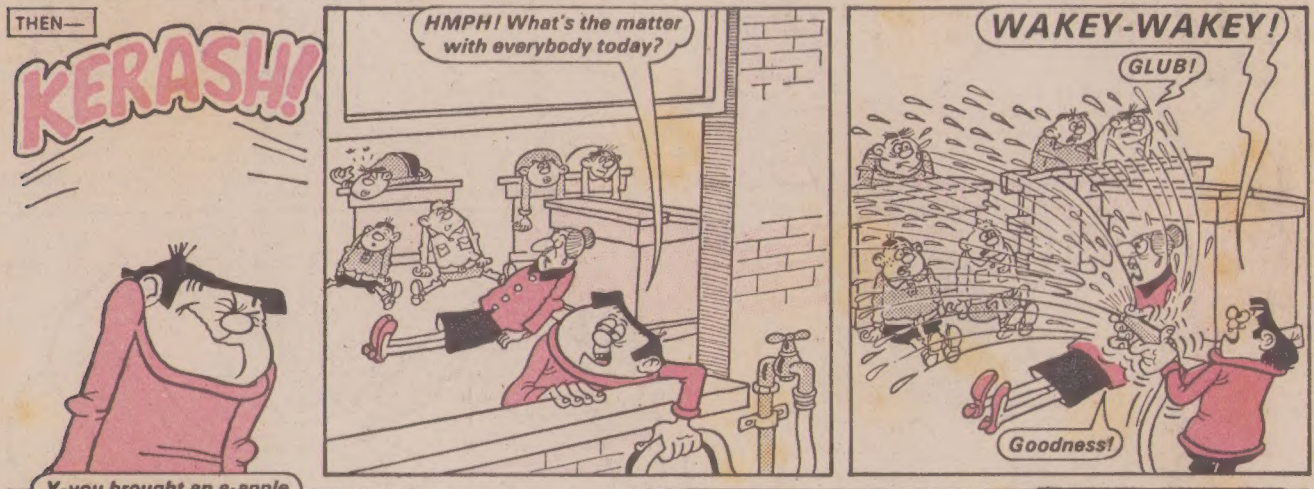
Continued on the back page.

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!



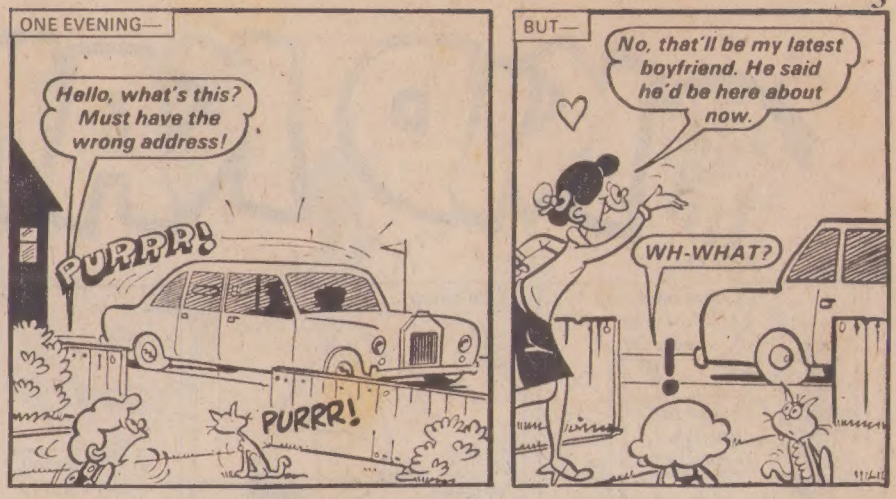


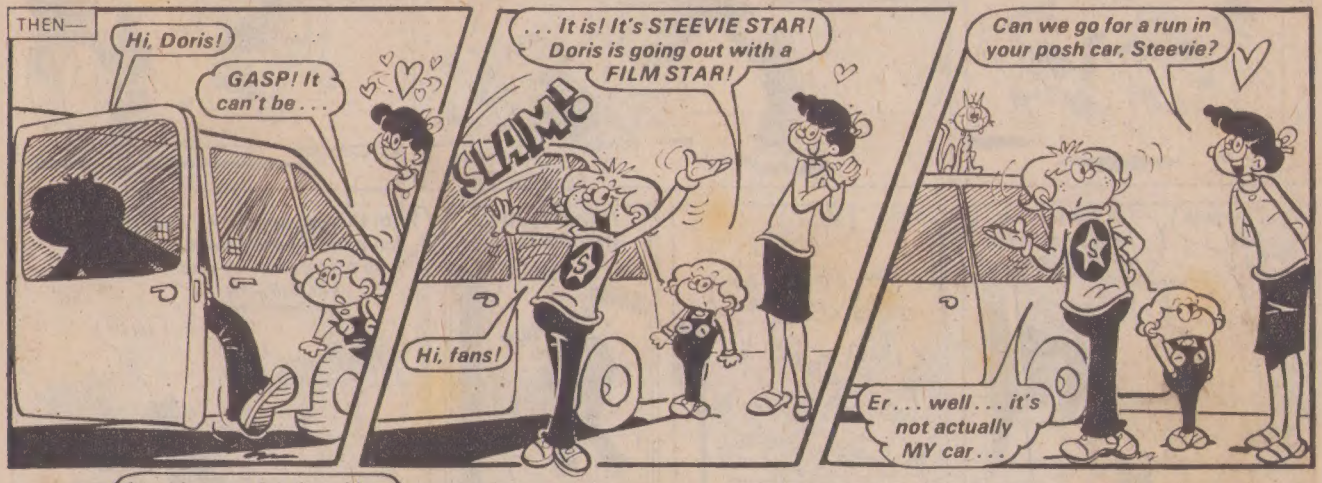


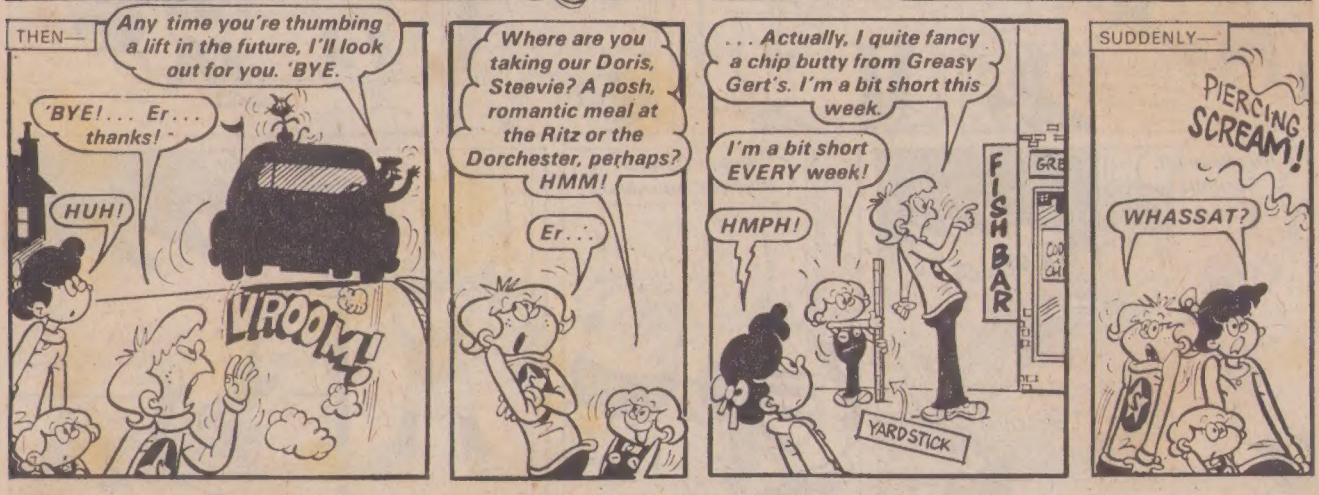
Y-you brought an a-apple for M-M-ME?
Yes, Miss! Have a bite with my compliments!
SO—
GROOOOGH!
HUR! HUR!
Go and stand in the corner, Jay R—that apple was rotten to the core!
HUR! HUR! So am I . . .
. . . But crafty with it. Well, I couldn't miss the school's rugby final, could I? COME ON—KICK HIS SHINS! . . .

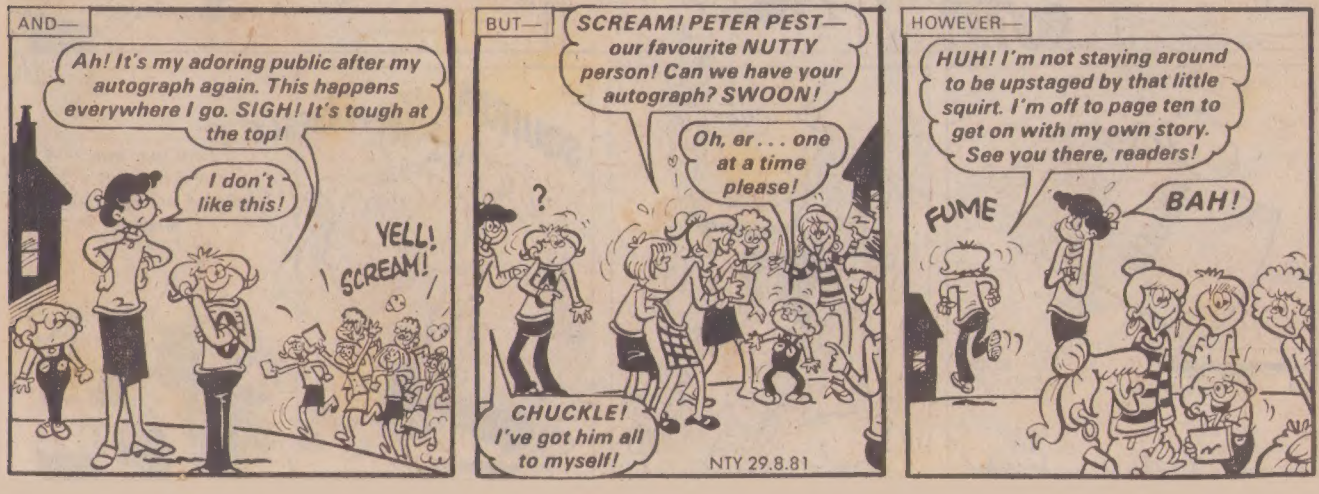
NTY 29.8.81

PETER Pest



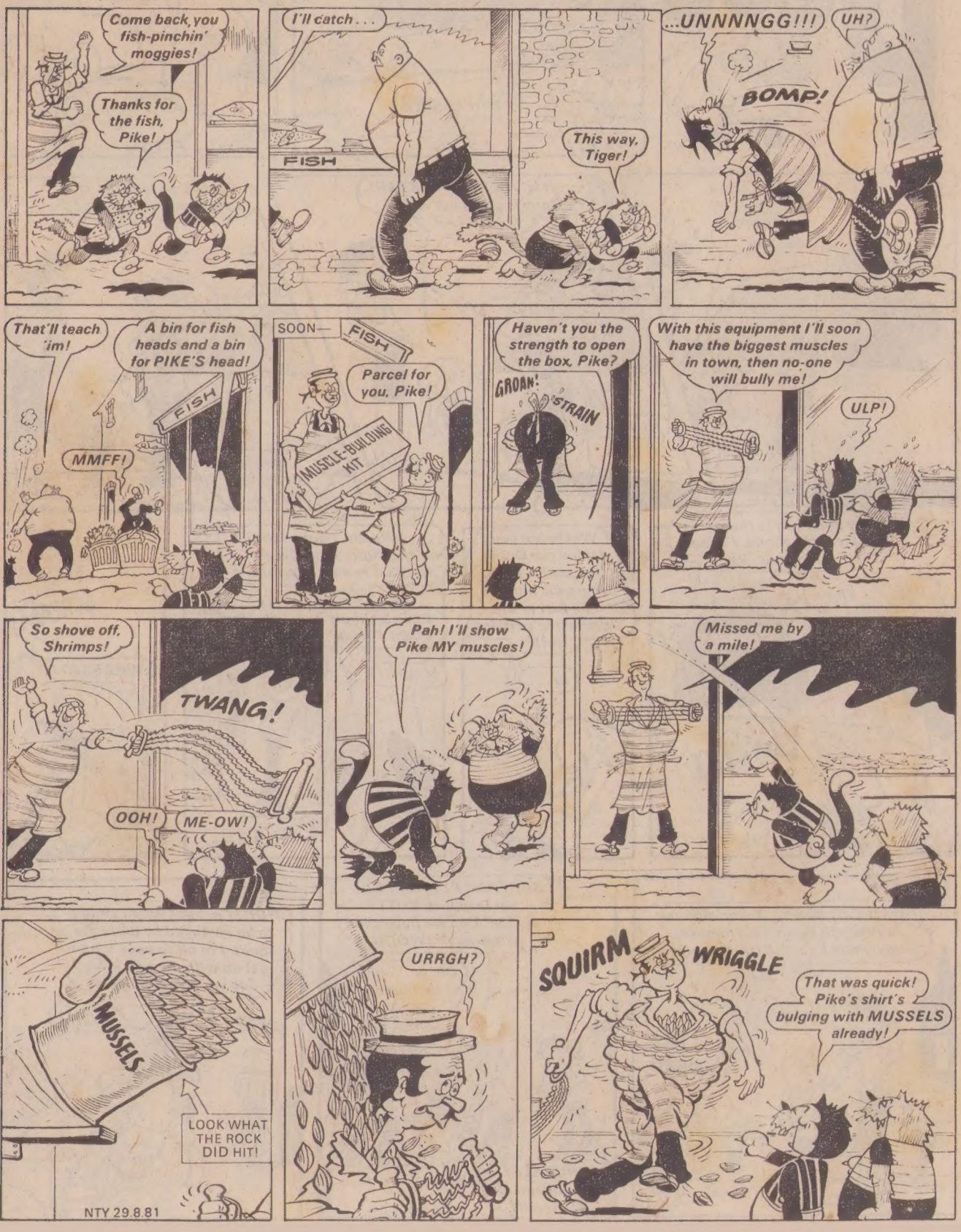

THEN—
Hi, Doris!
GASP! It can't be . . .
. . . It is! It's STEEVIE STAR! Doris is going out with a FILM STAR!
SLAM!
Hi, fans!
Can we go for a run in your posh car, Steevie?
Er . . . well . . . it's not actually MY car . . .


THEN—
Any time you're thumbing a lift in the future, I'll look out for you. 'BYE.
'BYE! . . . Er . . . thanks!
HUH!
VROOM!
Where are you taking our Doris, Steevie? A posh, romantic meal at the Ritz or the Dorchester, perhaps? HMM!
Er . . .
. . . Actually, I quite fancy a chip butty from Greasy Gert's. I'm a bit short this week.
I'm a bit short EVERY week!
HMPH!
FISH BAR
YARDSTICK
SUDDENLY—
PIERCING SCREAM!
WHASSAT?

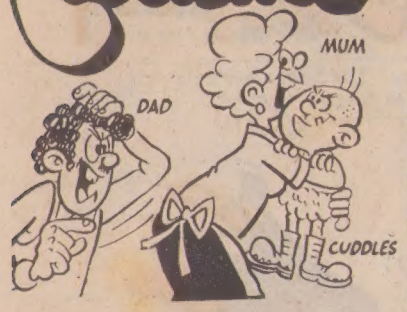

AND—
Ah! It's my adoring public after my autograph again. This happens everywhere I go. SIGH! It's tough at the top!
I don't like this!
YELL! SCREAM!
BUT—
SCREAM! PETER PEST— our favourite NUTTY person! Can we have your autograph? SWOON!
Oh, er . . . one at a time please!
?
CHUCKLE! I've got him all to myself!
HOWEVER—
HUH! I'm not staying around to be upstaged by that little squirt. I'm off to page ten to get on with my own story. See you there, readers!
FUME
BAH!

NTY 29.8.81

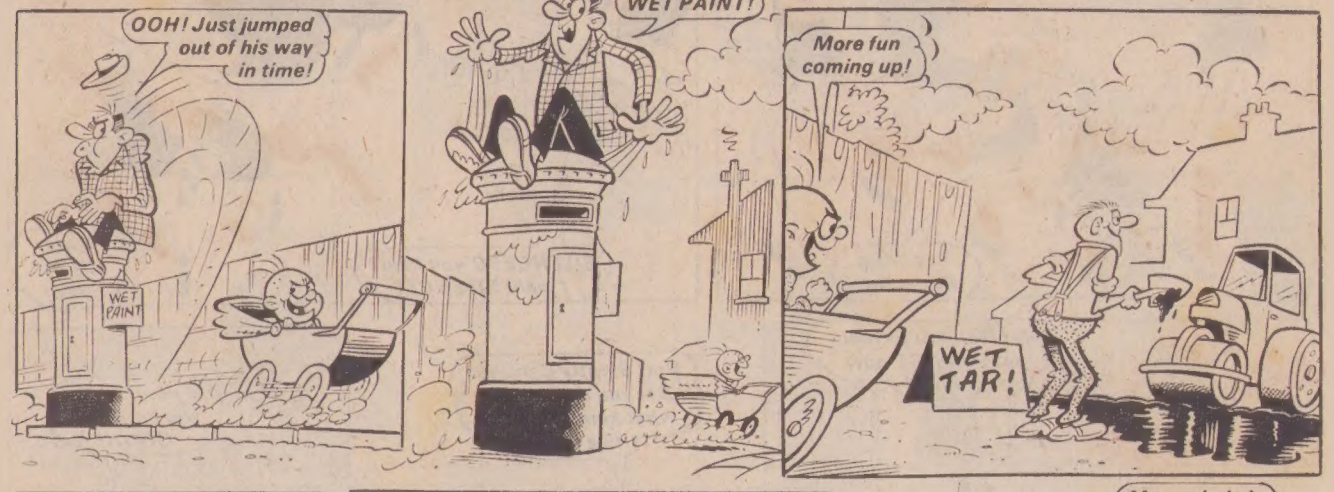
KID KATS

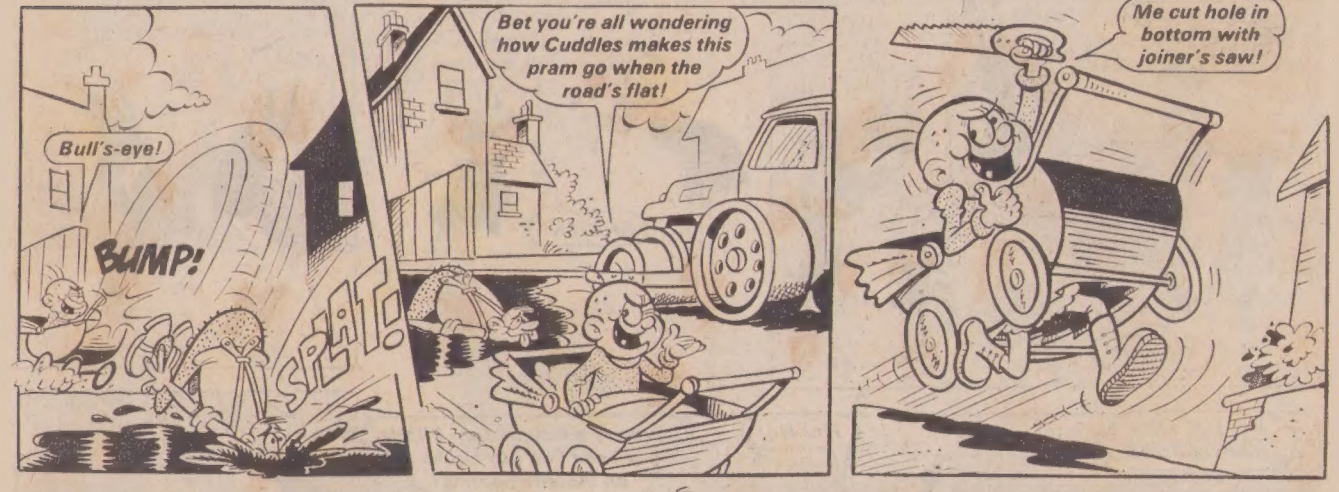

LIONEL
TIGER
Come back, you fish-pinchin' moggies!
Thanks for the fish, Pike!
I'll catch...
FISH
This way, Tiger!
...UNNNNGG!!!
UH?
BOMP!
That'll teach 'im!
A bin for fish heads and a bin for PIKE'S head!
FISH
MMFF!
SOON—
FISH
Parcel for you, Pike!
MUSCLE-BUILDING KIT
Haven't you the strength to open the box, Pike?
GROAN!
STRAIN
With this equipment I'll soon have the biggest muscles in town, then no-one will bully me!
ULP!
So shove off, Shrimps!
TWANG!
OOH!
ME-OW!
Pah! I'll show Pike MY muscles!
Missed me by a mile!
MUSSELS
LOOK WHAT THE ROCK DID HIT!
NTY 29.8.81
URRGH?
SQUIRM
WRIGGLE
That was quick! Pike's shirt's bulging with MUSSELS already!

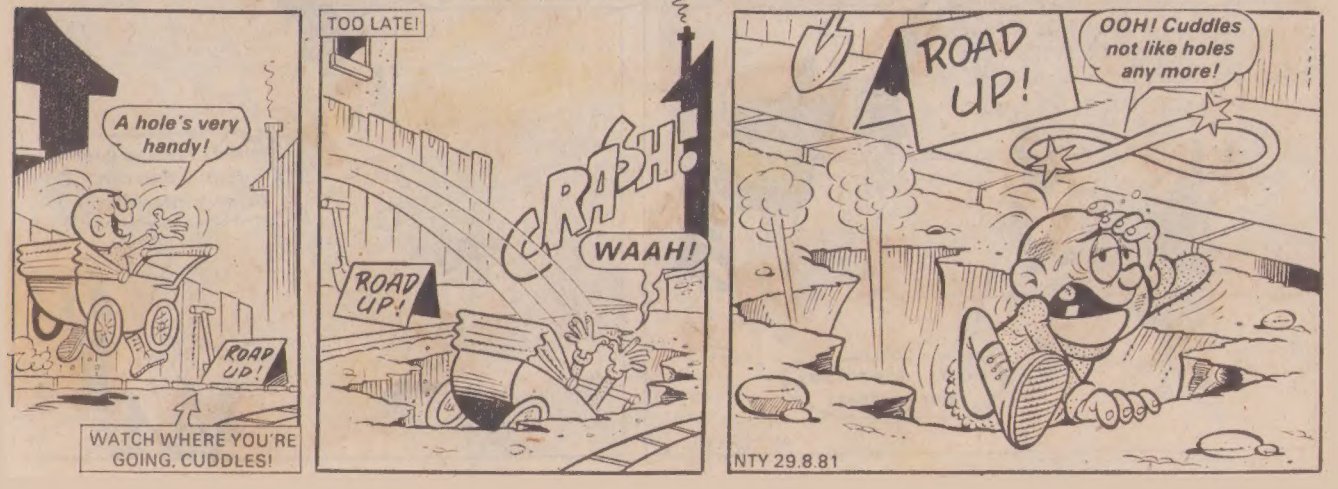
Cuddles

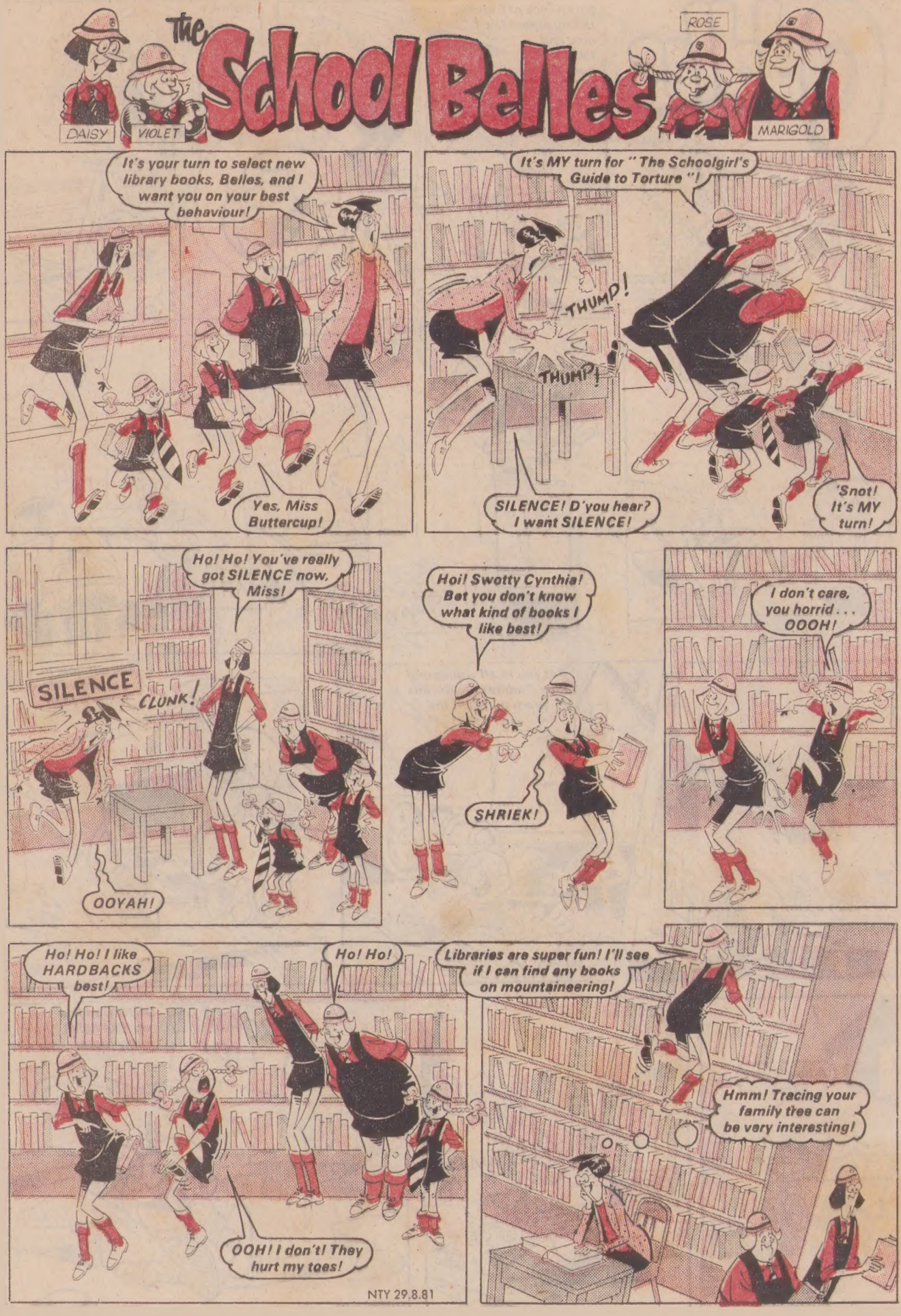

MUM
DAD
CUDDLES

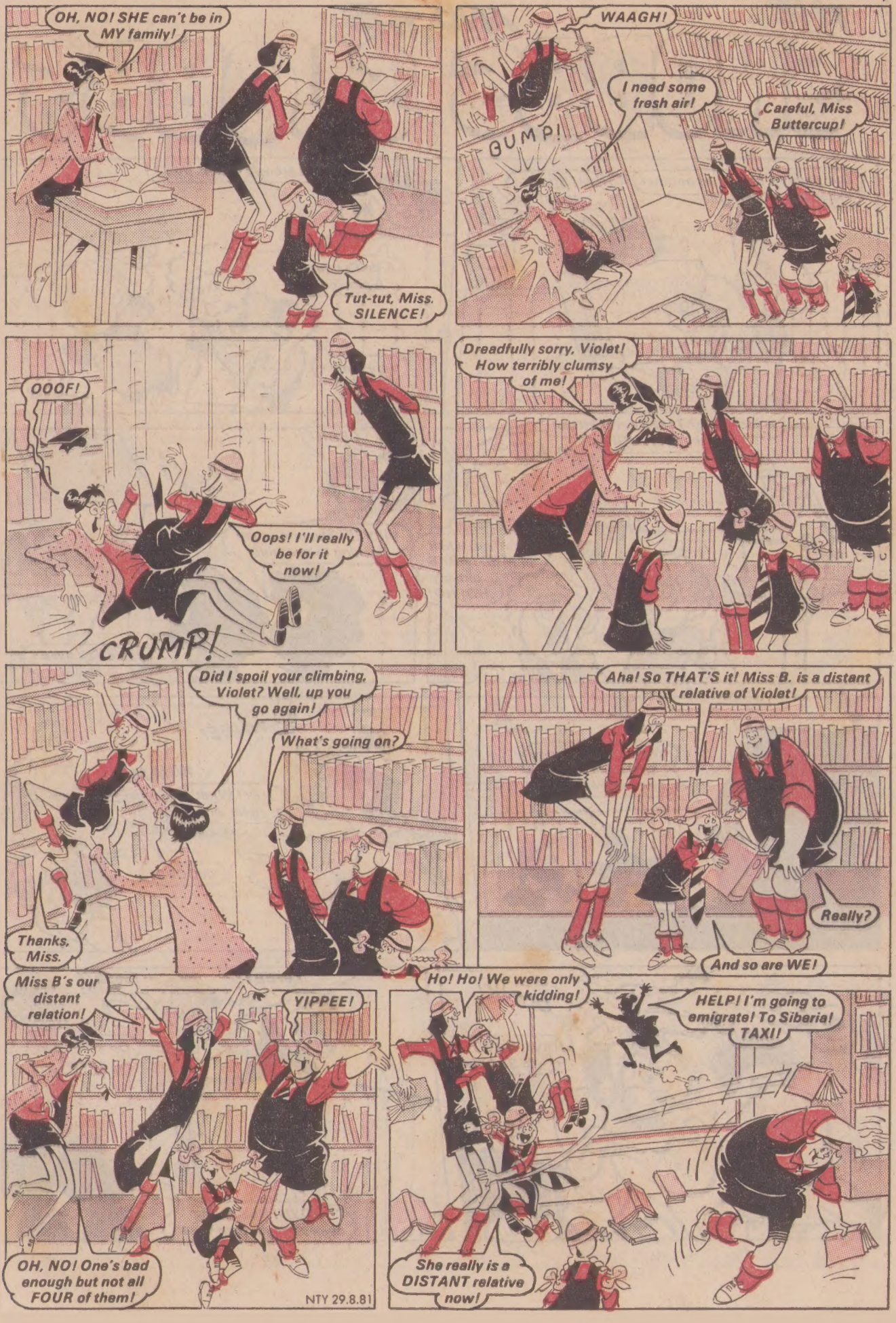
No chance of Cuddles' pram rolling away! It's nice and flat around here!
Flat as a pancake!
SHORTLY—
ERK! He IS rolling away!


OOH! Just jumped out of his way in time!
WET PAINT
WET PAINT!
More fun coming up!
WET TAR!

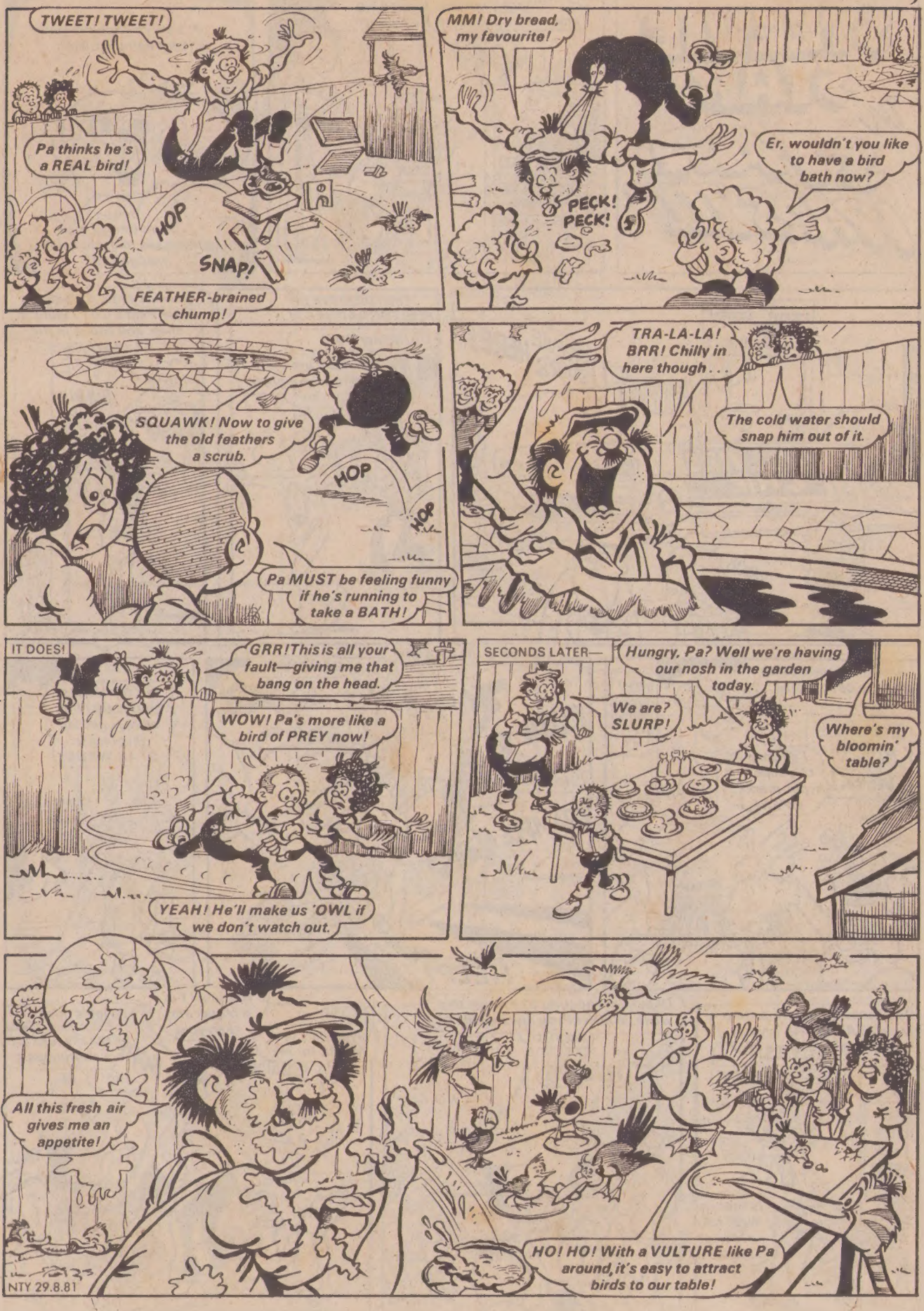

Bull's-eye!
BUMP!
SPLAT!
Bet you're all wondering how Cuddles makes this pram go when the road's flat!
Me cut hole in bottom with joiner's saw!


A hole's very handy!
ROAD UP!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, CUDDLES!
TOO LATE!
CRASH!
WAAH!
ROAD UP!
ROAD UP!
OOH! Cuddles not like holes any more!
NTY 29.8.81

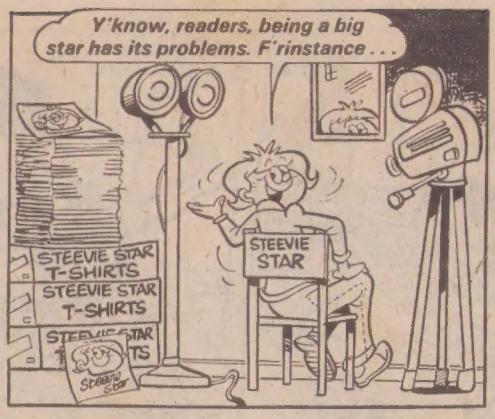

The School Belles
DAISY
VIOLET
ROSE
MARIGOLD
It's your turn to select new library books, Belles, and I want you on your best behaviour!
Yes, Miss Buttercup!
It's MY turn for "The Schoolgirl's Guide to Torture"!
THUMP!
THUMP!
SILENCE! D'you hear? I want SILENCE!
'Snot! It's MY turn!
Ho! Ho! You've really got SILENCE now, Miss!
SILENCE
CLUNK!
OOYAH!
Hoi! Swotty Cynthia! Bet you don't know what kind of books I like best!
SHRIEK!
I don't care, you horrid . . . OOOH!
Ho! Ho! I like HARDBACKS best!
Ho! Ho!
OOH! I don't! They hurt my toes!
NTY 29.8.81
Libraries are super fun! I'll see if I can find any books on mountaineering!
Hmm! Tracing your family tree can be very interesting!

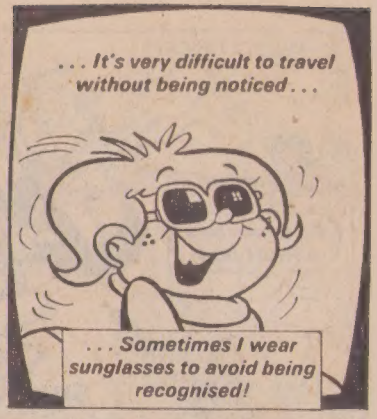

OH, NO! SHE can't be in MY family!
Tut-tut, Miss. SILENCE!
WAAGH!
I need some fresh air!
BUMP!
Careful, Miss Buttercup!
OOOF!
Oops! I'll really be for it now!
CRUMP!
Dreadfully sorry, Violet! How terribly clumsy of me!
Did I spoil your climbing, Violet? Well, up you go again!
What's going on?
Thanks, Miss.
Aha! So THAT'S it! Miss B. is a distant relative of Violet!
Really?
And so are WE!
Miss B's our distant relation!
YIPPEE!
OH, NO! One's bad enough but not all FOUR of them!
NTY 29.8.81
Ho! Ho! We were only kidding!
HELP! I'm going to emigrate! To Siberia! TAXI!
She really is a DISTANT relative now!

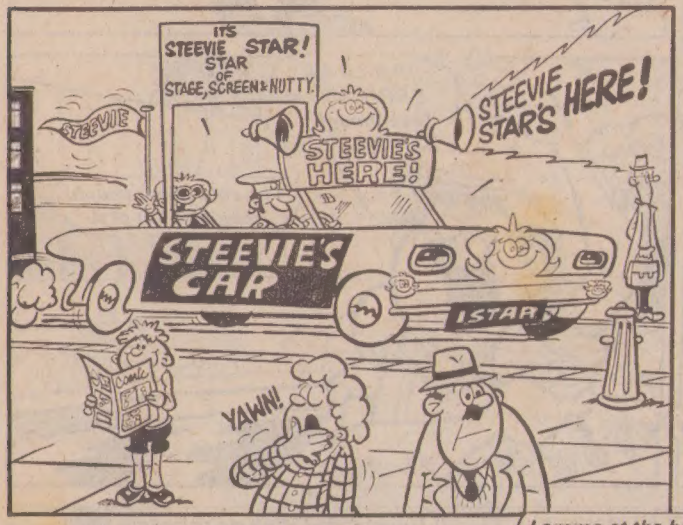
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

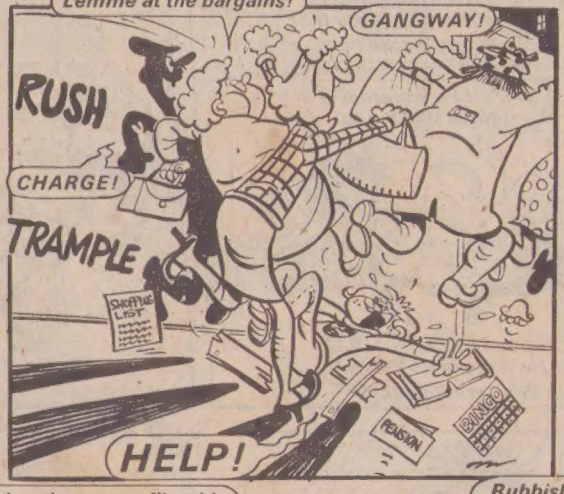

TWEET! TWEET!
Pa thinks he's a REAL bird!
HOP
SNAP!
FEATHER-brained chump!
MM! Dry bread, my favourite!
PECK! PECK!
Er, wouldn't you like to have a bird bath now?
SQUAWK! Now to give the old feathers a scrub.
HOP
HOP
Pa MUST be feeling funny if he's running to take a BATH!
TRA-LA-LA! BRR! Chilly in here though . . .
The cold water should snap him out of it.
IT DOES!
GRR! This is all your fault—giving me that bang on the head.
WOW! Pa's more like a bird of PREY now!
YEAH! He'll make us 'OWL if we don't watch out.
SECONDS LATER—
Hungry, Pa? Well we're having our nosh in the garden today.
We are? SLURP!
Where's my bloomin' table?
All this fresh air gives me an appetite!
HO! HO! With a VULTURE like Pa around, it's easy to attract birds to our table!
NTY 29.8.81

STEEVIE STAR in "STAR WARS III"


Y'know, readers, being a big star has its problems. F'rinstance . . .
STEEVIE STAR T-SHIRTS
STEEVIE STAR T-SHIRTS
STEEVIE STAR
STEEVIE STAR

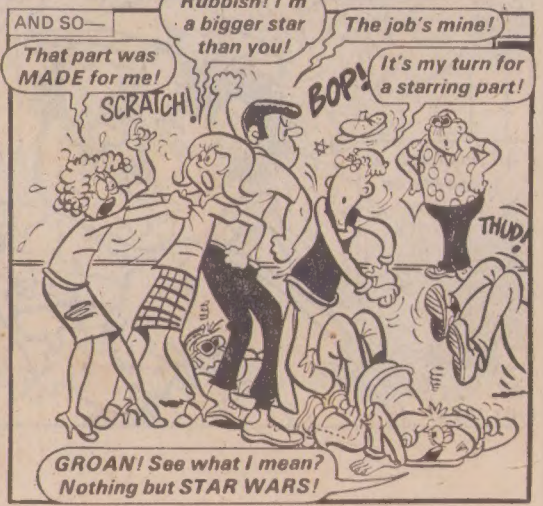






But, Steevie—surely getting into STAR WARS is what every actor dreams of?
READER'S COMMENT
READ NUTTY EVERY WEEK!
Is that so? Well, take a look at this! . . .
NTY 29.8.81

Okay! I'm shooting a new film this week. Which of you stars wants to be in it?
ME!
I'LL DO IT!
IMPORTANT DIRECTOR
NO, ME!
I WANT THE PART!


AND SO—
That part was MADE for me!
Rubbish! I'm a bigger star than you!
The job's mine!
It's my turn for a starring part!
SCRATCH!
BOP!
THUD!
GROAN! See what I mean? Nothing but STAR WARS!

SPORTS FAN

'SME!

I'm on holiday at the seaside, but I'm going to keep training.

Running on the spot first!

'Ave a banger, Spot!

Har-har! Now Spot's running on Fan!

HMPH! I'll do some trunk curls instead!

HEY! What's the idea?

We'll help you train!

There! Now you're doing a TRUNK curl!

Thanks for untying me!

Don't mention it! I like kids! I own the local fun fair!

Let me pay you back! I'll take some of your staff for a training session!

Hmm! They could use the exercise!

SO —

Here's Fan again! Let's get her!

GAAH! L-LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

!! !!

I'm doing a bit of GHOST TRAINING!

My men will work better on the ghost train once Fan has made them fit!

NTY 29.8.81

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK · MAGNUS PEEK · SINGH SONGH · PATCH · LADY

DOGSBODY · SILLY VILLY · TAFF · HAGGIS · BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

STRAY DOGS

Yes! I'm taking The Rovers away for a few days! Should be a good trip!

That's nice, Basil!

DOG-CATCHER

TRIP

SHOVE

Basil taking US on holiday? Must have been that TAP on the head the other day!

Could be something he ate! Like that bone I gave him!

Perhaps he's in love! I AM a beautiful dog after all!

Yeuch!

Who cares WHY he's taking us on holiday? Let's just get ready!

Yes! I saw Basil looking at you recently!

SO—

I've got a suitcase for our trip!

SILLY Villy!

That's just an ordinary wooden case!

URP?

TRIP

SNARRLL! It was a SOOT-case Villy brought!

SOOT

SHORTLY—

I'll have my picture taken!

PHOTO BOOTH

PHOTOS HERE

PHOTOS HERE

UMMFF!!!

Mustn't forget our photo!

PHOTOS HERE

Right, Lady! Let's see our passport photo.

Er . . . perhaps we shouldn't ALL have gone in at once!

LATER—

I've a towel, and it's big enough for us all!

PULL TOWEL

Just right for the beach . . . UH?

WEIGHT-LIFTERS CLUB

Oh, no you don't, Doggie!

It's a bandage Patch will need now!

OOH!

DRAG

SCRAPE!

BUMP!

SHORTLY—

That must be the coach to take us on holiday!

SCREECH!

I've a surprise for you hounds!

We know!

I'm taking The Rovers here away for a short tour! I won't be chasing you for the next few days!

He's going with THOSE Rovers!

No holiday for US!

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Boo!

Rotter!

Dirty dog!

CLANG!

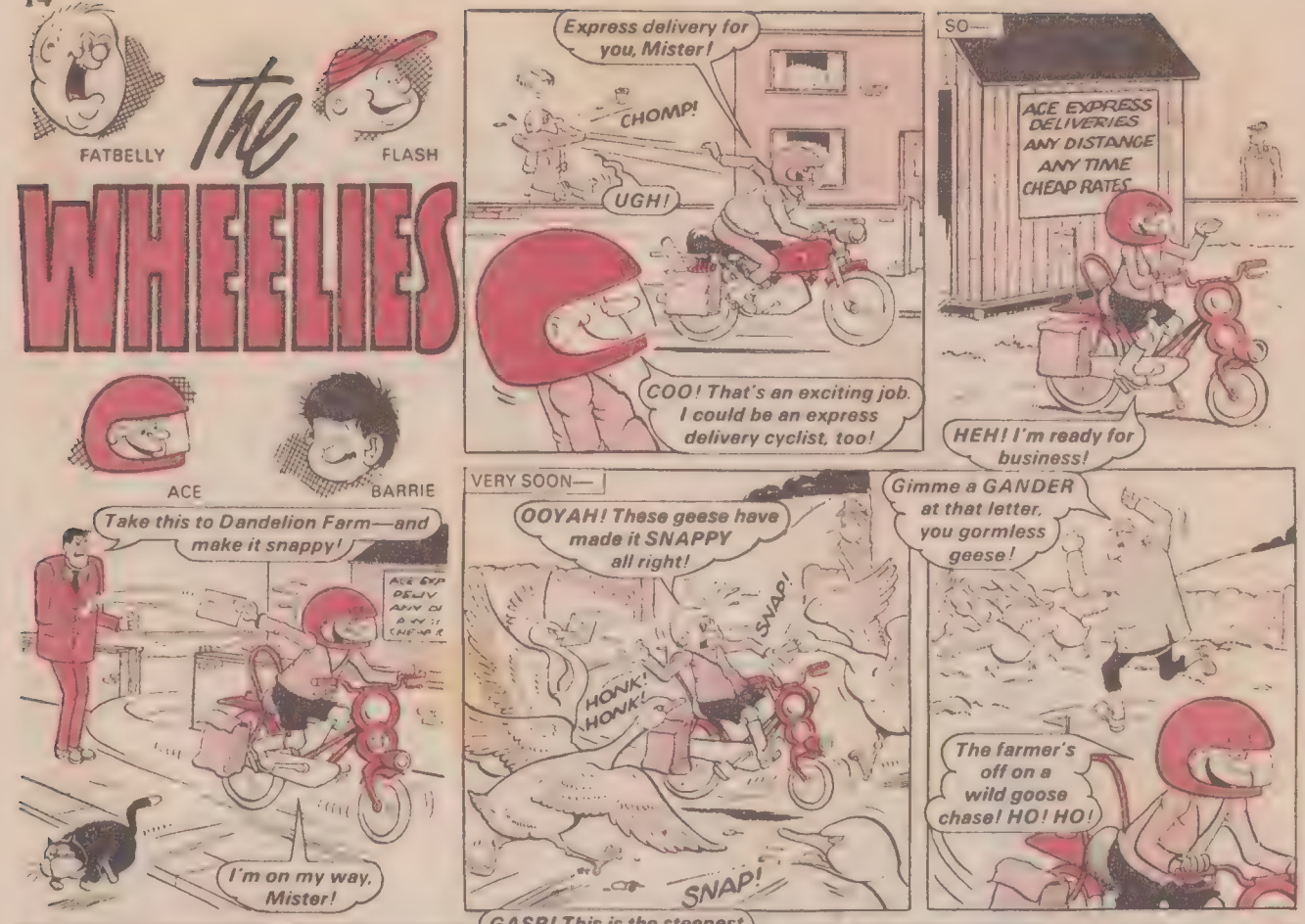
THUMP!

Can't understand 'em! I thought they'd be glad to see me go!

FATBELLY FLASH

The WHEELIES

ACE BARRIE


Express delivery for you, Mister!
CHOMP!
UGH!
COO! That's an exciting job. I could be an express delivery cyclist, too!
SO—
ACE EXPRESS DELIVERIES ANY DISTANCE ANY TIME CHEAP RATES
HEH! I'm ready for business!
Take this to Dandelion Farm—and make it snappy!
I'm on my way, Mister!
VERY SOON—
OOYAH! These geese have made it SNAPPY all right!
HONK! HONK!
SNAP!
SNAP!
Gimme a GANDER at that letter, you gormless geese!
The farmer's off on a wild goose chase! HO! HO!
MANY DIFFICULT DELIVERIES LATER
Would you take that letter to 1A Hilltop Rd., Sonny?
BOUND!
Certainly, Madam! I'll be there in a jiffy!
GASP! This is the steepest hill I've ever seen.
HILLTOP ROAD
EVENTUALLY—
No, Sonny, this is 1 Hilltop Rd. That's 1A up there!
OH, NO!
AGES LATER—
Ace, that's for Aunt Edna in Sydney, Australia. It's very urgent!
GROAN! All right, Mum, I'll take it!
I'm sorry I ever started this job now!
HOP OUT AND BUY AUSTRALIAN...
...PEACHES
HA! HA! Fooled you there, readers. I'm only delivering it to the post box!
NTY 29.8.81

DOODLEBUG

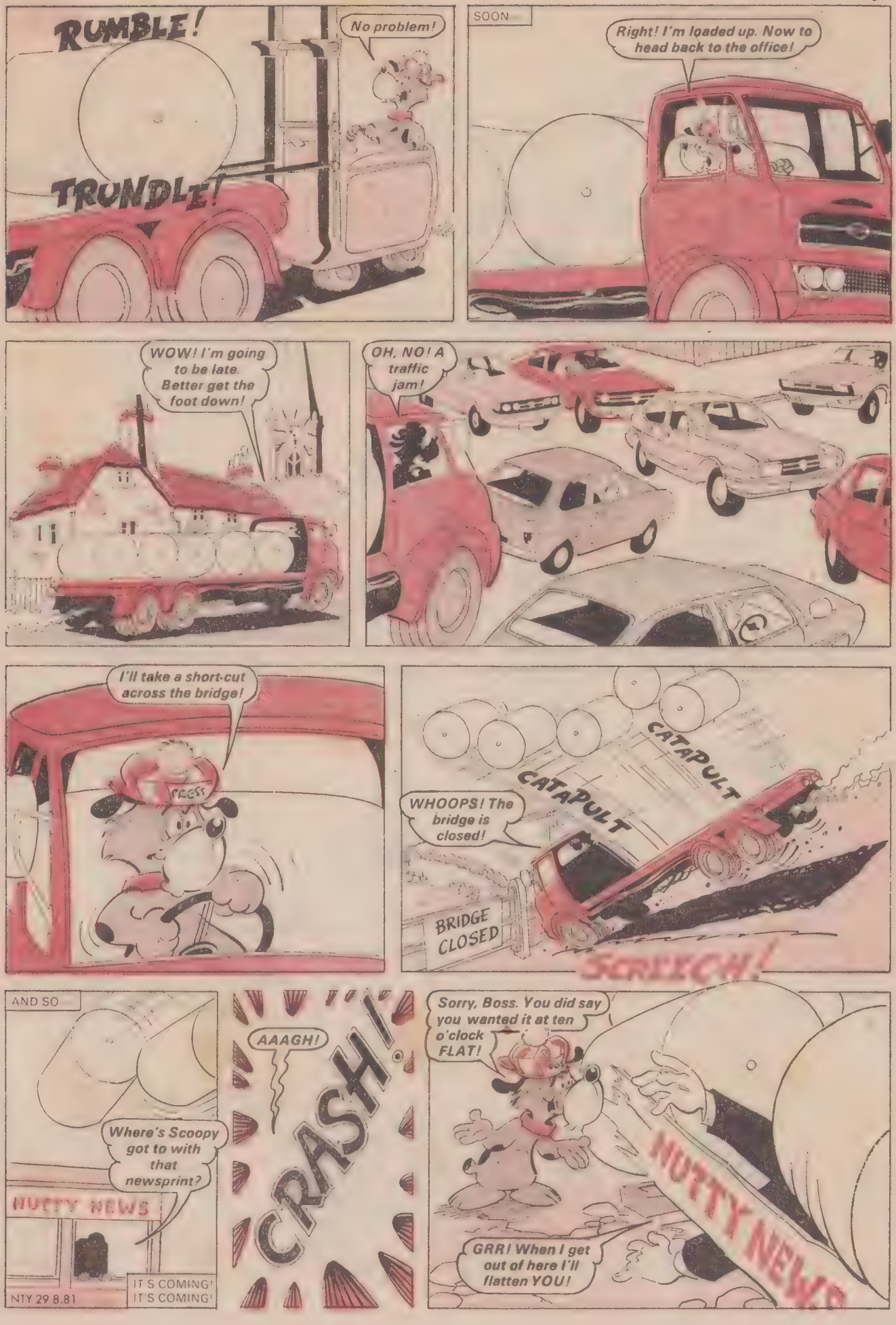
I'd like to draw some money, please.
Certainly, sir! Five pound notes all right?
TUM-TI-TUM!
I'd like to draw some money, too!
That's what we're here for, sir.
I've always wanted to do this.
WOW! You can't come over here!
Tsk! Pesky safe's locked. Now let me see . . .
This is d-daylight r-robbery.
TWIRL!
WHIRR!
BUT—
This doodle will look REALLY expensive.
PHEW! So that's what he meant by DRAWING cash!
Smithers, how often have I told you never to leave the safe door open?
SLAM!
GULP! B-but, sir . . .
Who shut that door? I can't see now!
WAAGH! Money talks—that old saying's true after all.
My masterpiece is finished. It'll look great on this wall. It's yours for five pounds.
Who's he?
SUDDENLY—
WOW! It's Billy the Bug!
Okay—gimme the money!
Lemme at that lovely loot . . . OOYAH!
HA! HA! My doodle's just like the real thing, isn't it?
WHUMP!
Here's your reward, my boy!
Coo! Now I'll be able to draw money of my own!
Well done, Doodlebug!
GROAN!
NTY 29 8 81

The MOUSEKETEERS
No food for three days, readers! Those pesky mice have eaten the lot!
MUNCH
CRUNCH
SLURP!
EMPTY
Well, if you can't beat 'em . . .
. . . Join 'em!
ZIP
AND SO—
Hello? Sounds like a fellow rodent!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
I'll take him some cheese!
Here, Pal! Have some cheese. It was fresh last month!
PONG
Heh! It's Joey! What a STUPID disguise!
STENCH
YEUCH!
GULP
Ho! Ho! Mice are meant to LIKE cheese, Silly!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
BAD BREATH
Rotten rodents!
YIKES! A giant mouse! It must've eaten Joey— judging by the expression on its face!
FATSO! SHORT-SIGHTED AND DAFT!
Hello? Giant Mice Exterminators? Could you come round, please? It's urgent!
MINUTES LATER—
GO GET HIM!
MEEOW! Yes, sir!
GIANT MOUSE EXTERMINATOR!
This is getting silly. Can't you see I'm not a mouse?
Ho! Ho!
NTY 29.8.81

BIG 'N' BUD

Haven't been to an Art Gallery for ages, Bud!
Niether have I, Big!
Now that's a nice sea-scape!
Yup . . !
. . . But look at that E-scape!
Ho! Ho!
Wonder why that sign's there? She looks quite ARMLESS to me!
Ha! Ha!
BEWARE!
Did you hear about the criminal who had a painting dumped on his head?
Nope!
He was FRAMED! Har! Har!
BOY! What a portrait! How could anyone look as UGLY as that?
SELF PORTRAIT
No idea, Big!
How dare you! Cheeky scamps!
S-sorry, Mister. Didn't know you were there!
LATER OUTSIDE THE ART GALLERY—
I wish someone would do a painting of ME!
Someday, perhaps, Big!
NTY 29.8.81
LOOK OUT!
WAAGH!
Well, you did say you wished someone would paint you, Big!
HMPH!

SCOOPY
THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.
THAT'S ME, FOLKS!
YAWN! That's another edition of "Nutty News" finished! I'm off home for a good night's sleep!
SCOOPY!
Oh-oh! I should've known better!
SKID
We've run out of paper so we can't print tomorrow's paper!
That's a shame, Boss. What are you going to do about it?
Not me—YOU! Get me some rolls of newsprint by ten o'clock flat!
Okay, Boss. I'm going, Boss!
AT THE PAPER MILL—
Sorry, Scoopy. We've got plenty of rolls of newsprint, but our loaders are off home!
Hmm!
That won't stop me! I'll load 'em myself!
WHEE! I've always wanted to do this!
VROOM!
Here comes the first roll!
That's it! Now for my second roll!
NTY 29.8.81


RUMBLE!
TRUNDLE!
No problem!
SOON...
Right! I'm loaded up. Now to head back to the office!
WOW! I'm going to be late. Better get the foot down!
OH, NO! A traffic jam!
I'll take a short-cut across the bridge!
PRESS
WHOOPS! The bridge is closed!
CATAPULT
CATAPULT
BRIDGE CLOSED
SCREECH!
AND SO
Where's Scoopy got to with that newsprint?
NUTTY NEWS
IT'S COMING! IT'S COMING!
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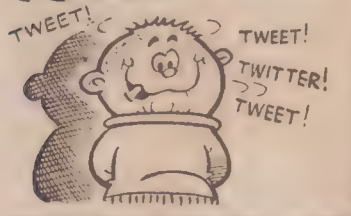
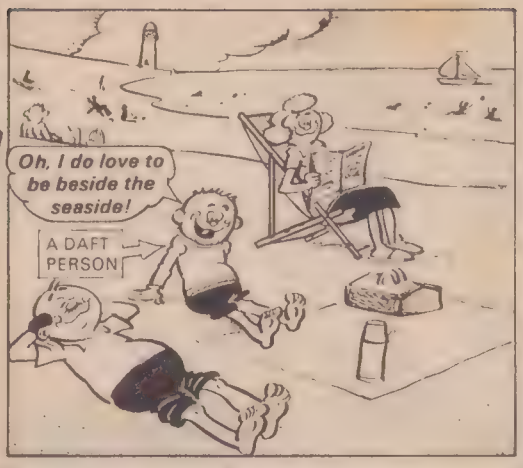
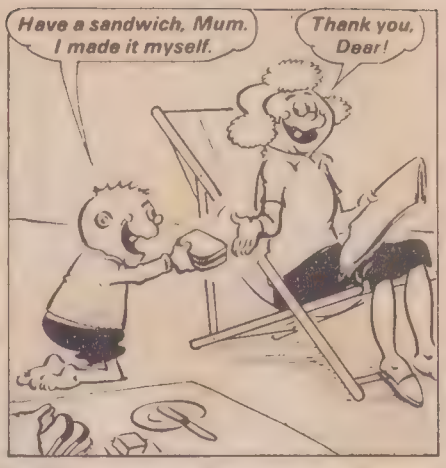
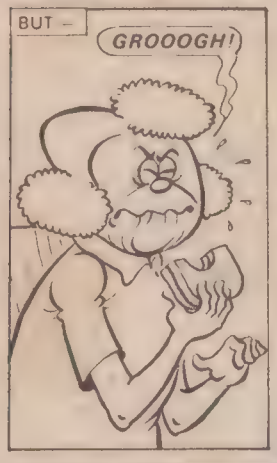
AAAGH!
CRASH!
Sorry, Boss. You did say you wanted it at ten o'clock FLAT!
NUTTY NEWS
GRR! When I get out of here I'll flatten YOU!

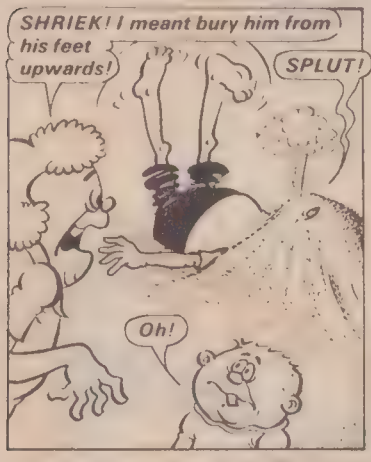
TWEET WILLIAM

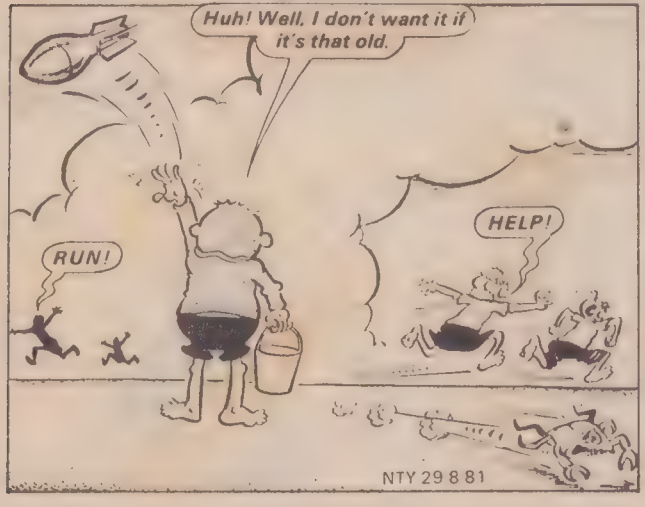


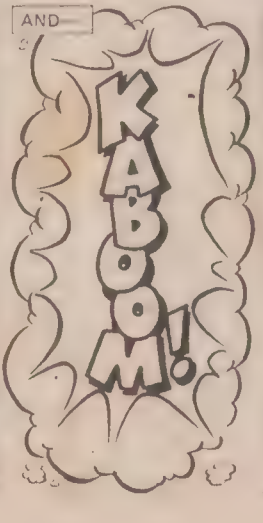


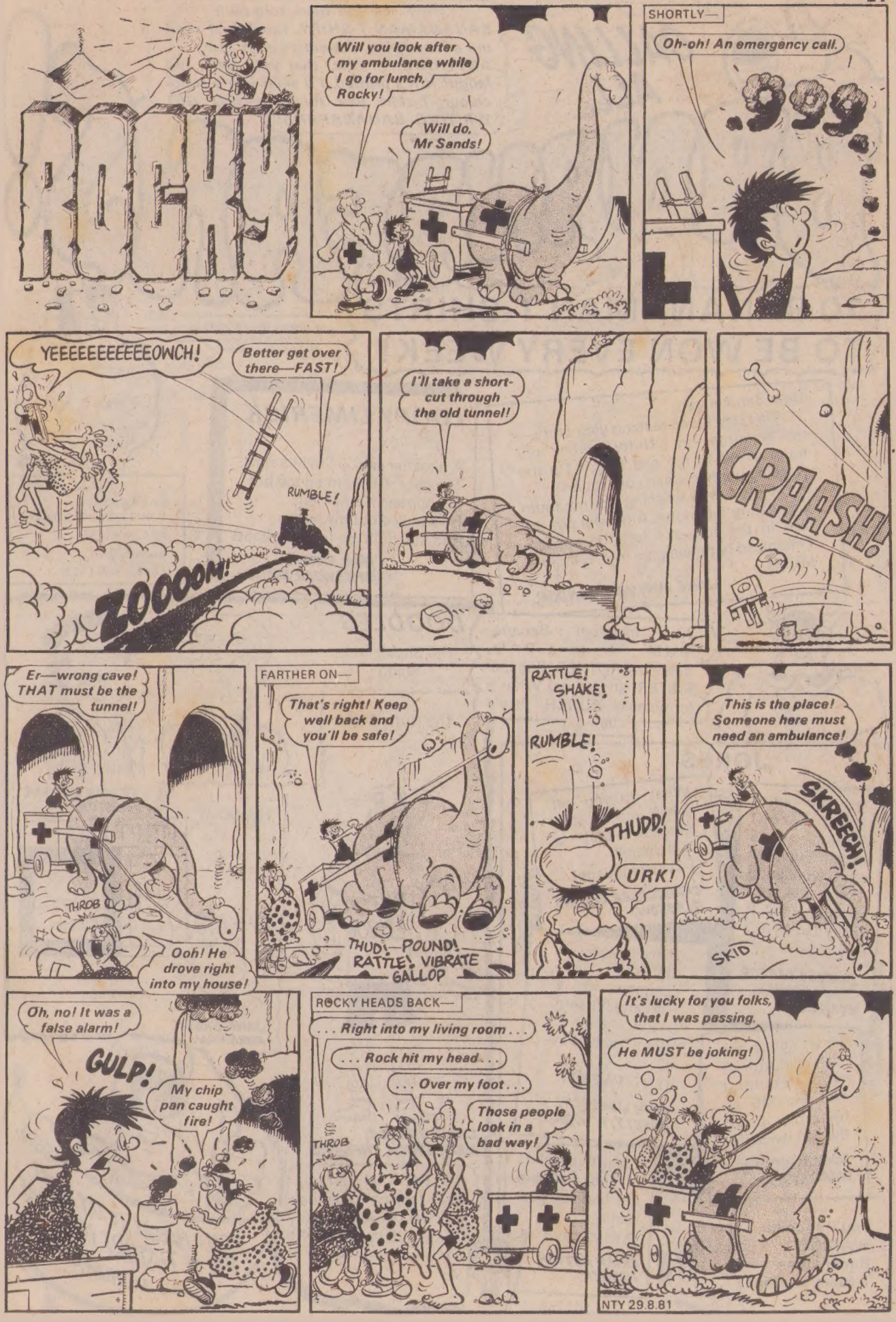











ROCKY
Will you look after my ambulance while I go for lunch, Rocky!
Will do, Mr Sands!
SHORTLY—
Oh-oh! An emergency call.
999
YEEEEEEEEEEOWCH!
Better get over there—FAST!
RUMBLE!
ZOOOOM!
I'll take a short-cut through the old tunnel!
CRAASH!
Er—wrong cave! THAT must be the tunnel!
THROB
Ooh! He drove right into my house!
FARTHER ON—
That's right! Keep well back and you'll be safe!
THUD!—POUND! RATTLE! VIBRATE GALLOP
RATTLE! SHAKE! RUMBLE!
THUDD!
URK!
This is the place! Someone here must need an ambulance!
SKREECH!
SKID
Oh, no! It was a false alarm!
GULP!
My chip pan caught fire!
ROCKY HEADS BACK—
. . . Right into my living room . . .
. . . Rock hit my head . . .
. . . Over my foot . . .
Those people look in a bad way!
THROB
It's lucky for you folks, that I was passing.
He MUST be joking!
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CALLING ALL BANANAFANS!

Now you can have your own BANANAMAN T-SHIRT, fans! Just send me a funny joke, drawing, poem, story . . . ANYTHING, in fact, that will make me laugh! If it's printed, I'll send you a super colour T-shirt like this one—SO GET WRITING, BANANAFANS!

10 BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

Here's the address for your letters—

BANANAMAN,
"NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263,
20 Cathcart St.,
Kentish Town,
London NW5 3BN.

Dear Bananaman,

One day I was reading your story—my favourite—in "Nutty", when my mum called to me and said, "Do the washing up then clean your room!"

While I was washing up, my mum was eating a banana. After she put the skin in the bin, she left the kitchen. I imagined her changing into Banana-MUM!

JANE WHYMAN, LONDON.

Just imagine! Banana-MUM, Banana-DAD, Banana-BROTHER, Banana-SISTER, and so on! What a formidable BUNCH they'd be!

LOOPY LIMERICK

A wrestler said, "I'm in a spot.
The pace is becoming too hot.
My opponent's not fair,
He's pulled out my hair
And tied both my legs in a knot!"

PAUL VARNEY, KINGSWOOD, BRISTOL.

DOODLES

The Snobb and Slobb

The Nutty Editor

GILLIAN MORGAN, PRESTON.

Hoptician

HOPTICIAN

JANE GREEN, FARNHAM.

JOKES

Did you know that Tweet William once stayed up all night wondering where the sun had gone to? It finally DAWNED on him!

CHARLES DEARDS, TEMPLECOMBE, SOMERSET.

What do you get when you cross a chicken and a dictionary?
FOWL language!

CHRISTOPHER COLLINS, GLASGOW.

There was a Chinaman camping in a field and his tent blew away. What time was it?
TENT-TWENTY.

KARL JOHNSON, OSSETT, W. YORKS.

Hear about the daft motorist who couldn't find the M6 so he drove down the M3 twice?!?

NORTON WARING, WARRINGTON.

What two letters of the alphabet are bad for your teeth?
D.K. (decay)!

BRIAN HUTTON, HAWICK.

You'll soon be WARING a Bananaman T-Shirt, Norton!

CRAIG TURNER, MIDDLEWICH, CHESHIRE.

HO! HO! That's far too good looking to be the Ed! OH, DEAR! What HAVE I said?!?

DON'T FORGET TO SAY WHAT SIZE OF T-SHIRT YOU'D LIKE – SMALL, MEDIUM, OR LARGE

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WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR

Hey, Wacky! Why are all your inventions useless?
READER'S VOICE
Eh?
Bloomin' cheek! Useless? Just you take a look at THESE, pal . . .
F'rinstance, my new umbrella. The only one of its kind!
Har! Har! THAT'S useless. It's full of holes!
Of course it is! That's so you can tell when it's stopped raining!
DOHH!
NEXT—
And how about my latest goalposts invention?
What's different about them? They're just the same as ordinary posts!
NEXT—
SHOVE
Call that a bass drum? It's not even round. You ARE useless, Wacky!
No I'm not! Here you are, Mr Jones!
Oh no they're not! They're guaranteed to save goalies a great deal of bother!
You've done a fine job, Wacky. It's a perfect fit.
SEE?
My inventions are NEVER useless. You're just jealous 'cos you're not as brilliant as me!
SLAM!
MMMF! The door won't move! It's STUCK!
HOURS LATER—
LET ME OUT!
WACKY'S INVENTION SHED
Ho! Ho! I was right. You ARE useless. You can't even invent a way out of your shed!
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Continued from the front page.
Time to sprinkle my lawn. Grow, grassies, grow!
SPLOSH! SPLASH!
THE SPRAY REVIVES OUR HERO—
Eh?... What?... How?... Where?... When?... Why?...
Now I remember! This was Window Woman's doing! I must bring her to justice...
... No person is safe with her around...
... I must give chase!...
WHAT A LOAD OF RHUBARB!
Aw, get on with it then!
SOON—
JEWELLERS
YAH-HAH! Another bundle of riches for me!
THEN—
WARNING Do NOT look in this window!
Hello! What's this?
AARGH!
OOH! I can't resist it! I must! I MUST!
SHE DOES!
COOOEE! Anybody there?
SUDDENLY!
Yes—it's lovable old me! Welcome to my trap!
YAAAARGH! A MIRROR!
SCARED STIFF BY HER OWN REFLECTION
And now...
... To put you out of harm's sight.
HAG BAG
Well done, Bananaman, but before you go, how about letting us see you unmasked, huh? Please! PRETTY please!
Oh, all right then! As it's nearly Christmas, I'll do it...
... THERE! Oh, dear—we seem to have run of of page. SHAME! Heh! Heh!

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